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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1917.

The President Said at Buffalo:

"We Must See That Labor Is Free In Doing Its Duty."

The duty of labor, working in freedom, is by utmost production to win the war.

For every man fighting in Europe half a dozen must work hard here.

The President says that these workers must be "free in doing their duty."

Mr. Sheppard and other distinguished statesmen say that labor in doing its duty must be ruled by a little band of prohibition fanatics that control and rule certain statesmen.

A Democratic Congress is asked to say to the workingmen that they shall be "free to drink ice-water;" that is to say, COMPELLED to live according to the mandate of sincere, well-meaning anaemic prohibition fanatics, of whom not one in a hundred is capable of doing a real day's work.

If Democrats in Congress voting for total abstinence, which they do not practice and in which they do not believe, deprive the workingmen of their freedom, they will pay for it as a party, and regret it as individuals.

The President, to whom power was given, stopped the making of whiskey, the real poison that causes drunkenness. And in an additional proclamation he has forbidden the brewing of any beer containing more than two and three-quarters per cent of alcohol.

Such beer, containing more than ninety-six per cent of distilled water, is an absolutely temperance drink. In such beer the alcohol is diluted with thirty-one equal parts of water. The worker taking a pint of beer—more than is usually taken—consumes less than HALF AN OUNCE of alcohol, and that amount, diffused, a child can take without injury.

For States and individuals that really desire prohibition, laws are enough. The individual is free to stop if he will. And the President's wise order stopping the making and selling of distilled alcoholic poisons will automatically free from alcoholic disease the worst sufferers—as soon as the existing supply of whiskey shall be exhausted.

Entire States that really want prohibition can have it—they can be BONE DRY if they will; the Supreme Court has so decided.

If rural communities desire to be bone dry or to indulge in the more popular form of prohibition which consists in driving out the harmless stimulants and substituting whiskey illicitly distilled and extra poisonous they have the power to do so.

The President's wise ending of the whiskey-making business, and his proclamation making nominal the alcoholic content of beer, solve the question for the United States in the only sound and in the only permanent way.

Let the States and the workingmen that have common sense and self-control use the mild stimulants, light wine and beer used in Europe by various nations for thousands of years without injury.

Let the States that cannot trust themselves or that like to be ruled by fanatics, indulge in bone dry or half dry prohibition modified by secret whiskey drinking, if they choose.

There is no good reason for overruling the President with a vote for the constitutional amendment, forced upon Congress against its will.

There is no common sense reason for irritating the workingmen, of whom the President says: "We must see that labor is free in doing its duty."

To be controlled in your methods of living by a small minority is not to be FREE.

To be told by a pale-faced or by a red-nosed Anti-Saloon League gentleman, "You can swing your sledge-hammer or work in the furnace room or dig in the ditches just as well on ice-water as on beer—look at me," is not pleasing to the workman who thinks he has the right to live as HE pleases.

If Democrats think that the ladies of the prohibition party and the intelligent well-paid managers of the Anti-Saloon League can do more for them than the workmen of the United States, well and good—but they will find that they are mistaken.

To carry out the Anti-Saloon League program, overrule the President's wise, conservative action, notify those who do the war's work that they must drink ice-water because hypocrisy controls Congress would cause inefficiency in war and be the height of folly.

Helen Streeter, Aged 13, Wrote
A Poem

We Gladly Print And Praise It.

In the middle of the recent bond campaign, when the country was pouring out its money in a good cause, we received a letter and a poem from a young friend—the right kind of letter and the right kind of poem from a girl thirteen years old.

Here read the letter and the poem:

908 Fourteenth street northwest.
Washington, D. C., October 28, 1917.

Dear Mr. Brisbane:

I wrote this verse in school the other day, and after I had read it to mother, she suggested that I send it to The Times, which I am now doing.

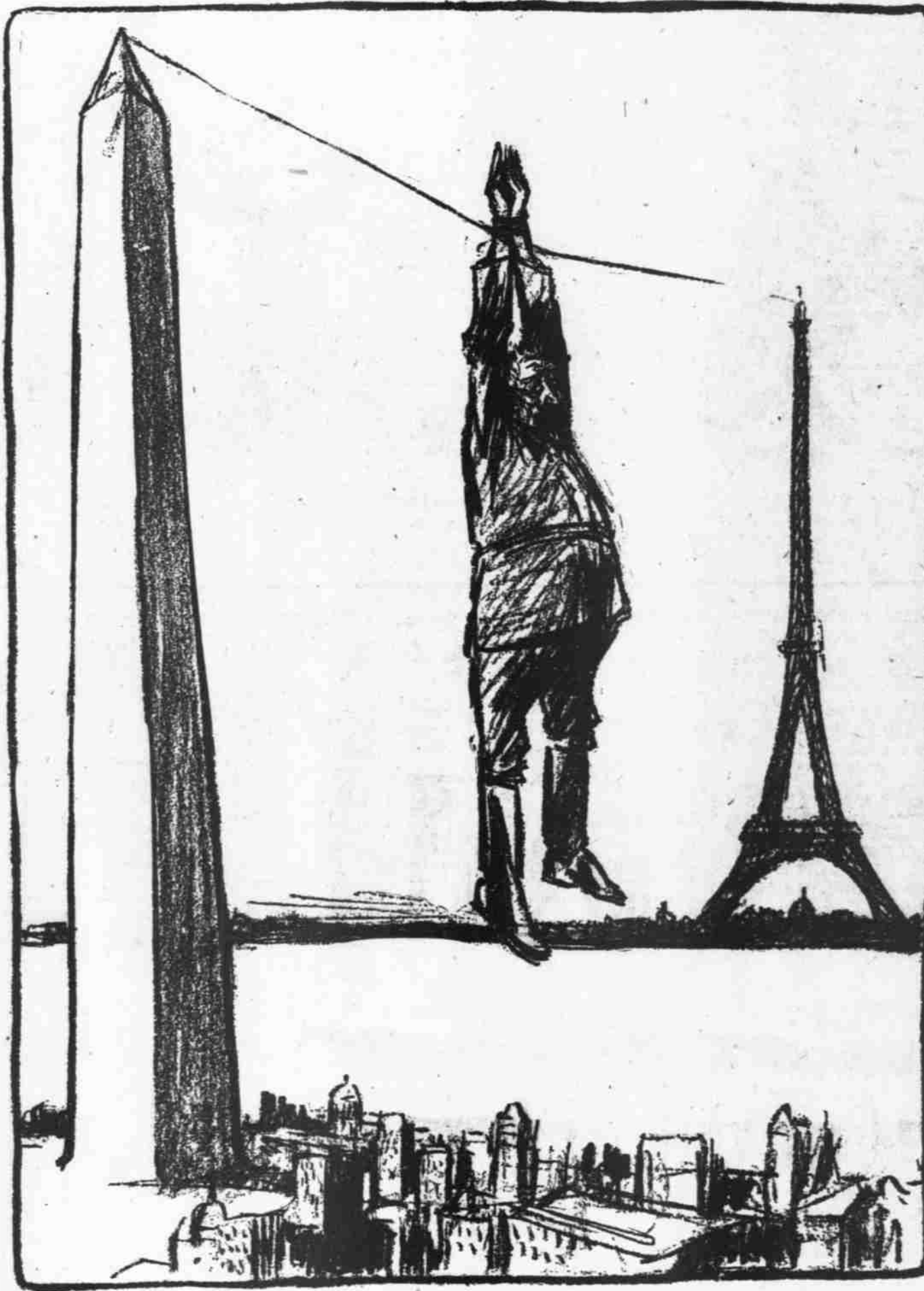
I am very much interested in the Liberty loan, have a \$50 bond myself, and I'm so glad President Wilson will be the head of the nation to "get the Kaiser."

We all like The Times, and think it is much

(Continued in Last Column.)

Capital Punishment

By Raemaekers



Raemaekers pictures the Kaiser suspended from a line attached at one end to the Washington Monument and at the other to the Eiffel Tower. It is certain that these two capitals are doing a good deal to suspend the

Kaiser's activities. Whether they will ever actually hang this murderer remains to be seen. He deserves hanging if any murderer ever did, but royal criminals often do not get their just deserts.

Elizabeth Jordan on Soldiers for Democracy

A FEW months ago I wrote of the great change the war has made in the home life of our boys. I spoke of the transformation of the noble-de-hoy youngsters that everybody loved but snubbed, into the young soldiers that everybody respects and honors.

What I did not touch upon then, and have been observing constantly since then, is the sudden rise into power of the younger boys—those youngsters who are not yet old enough to enlist, but over whose heads lie the war shadows of the coming year.

Next to the boys who are already "over there," or getting ready to go "over there," the youngsters who will be ready next year are our national heroes. In the absence of their older brothers they are the real bosses of their homes, and they are grasping their opportunities in a way that makes one chuckle and sigh in the same breath.

Homes Hold Boys.
Half a dozen illustrations of this new condition have come to me within the last few days.

The first was the case of two friends of mine, middle-aged parents of one child, a lad of eighteen. Though they are a home-loving couple, they were spending a hectic month in New York, going to all the theaters, dining at all the restaurants, losing their sleep, and missing none of the late and early lights and sights of Broadway.

When I expressed some surprise at this pursuit of pleasure, so unusual in this particular pair, the mother explained.

"It's for Jack," she said. "We may not have our boy with us next year, you know, so we want to make him just as happy as we can this year."

"Yes," interrupted the father. "He's got us on the hip, the young rascal, and he knows it. He's crazy to enlist in the navy. We discov-

ered by accident that he had made all the preliminary inquiries. He didn't want us to know anything about the matter until it was settled. How's that for independence? And doesn't it give unsuspecting parents a jolt?"

"Well, we talked him out of it for a year at least, and now we're diverting his mind," as his mother calls it. While we're diverting Jack's mind I think we are giving me nervous prostration—but, of course, that doesn't matter. There's no place in the world for mere fathers nowadays," he added with a sigh.

A similar confidence was poured into my ear by another man—the

father of a second lieutenant "over there" and of a would-be sailor here.

"We've moved to the city," he began. "Jim, the only boy we've got left, wanted to live in town, so in we came. We may not have him long, so we're trying to do all we can to make him happy now."

"I suppose we're spoiling him in the process," he added, "but somehow we simply can't deny him anything. Fortunately he hasn't any bad habits, and he's going in hard for physical culture to keep himself 'fit,' he says. But the house is his, nowadays, not mine; and I'm only in it on sufferance."

MY HYDRANGEA TREE

Poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox

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I FIND that my hydrangea tree
Is teaching pretty truths to me.
At first its blooms were snowy white
And gave the eye a pure delight.
Like fair young faces in their teens;
Then they became like stately queens
Or sumptuous matrons in their prime,
Who grow more beautiful with time.
They held their own for many a day;
Then their rich color paled to gray,
But of so exquisite a shade
It made one feel content to fade.
They have now such a high-born air
Like lovely ladies with gray hair.
They do not mind the frost one bit,
But on bare boughs serenely sit,
And lend their ash-of-roses glow
To leaden skies and falling snow.
In their old age they are, in truth,
More beautiful than in their youth.
I find that my hydrangea tree
Is teaching pretty truths to me.

Still a third father showed me a vein of sentiment whose existence in him I had never suspected. "Do you know," he said, "this whole business of the war has made me understand women as I never understood them before. And it has made me admire them as I never admired them before."

"Take my wife, for example," he continued. "She's a pretty fine woman, I think, and one of the most devoted mothers on this earth. She has watched two of our three sons leave for the other side and—well—all I can say is that she has been pluckier about it than I have been."

"We've got one boy left and he will probably go next year, as soon as he is old enough. He won't wait to be drafted; he'll enlist. Meantime, he's running the house and he's running us. He knows his power—the lovable young cub. If he asked me for the moon I'd try to get it for him. If I didn't I'd be getting by the memory of refusing him—some day when he is in the trenches, just as I'm haunted now by the memory of some things I didn't do for the two sons who are there now."

I murmured some sympathetic response. He went on: "So Dick's having things all his own way, at present. He has dragged us into town and made us take a big house. He has made me buy a new automobile, though our last year's car was perfectly good. He has wheeled me into getting a roadster for him. He bosses me and his mother till we can't say our souls are our own. But just wait!" His jaw set on its old, firm lines and a new light intensified the twinkle in his eyes. "Wait till after the war," he added longingly. "For, believe me, when this war is all over, there will be a general uprising of fathers—and then there will be something handed to these independent kids of ours!"

Hospitable Maryland

A State Where You Are Welcomed as Long as You Pay; and Arrested If You Happen to Cross the Line Without the Proper Motor Tag.

By EARL GODWIN.

It is a nice cold day to sit indoors and think bitter thoughts about our unneighborly friends in Maryland who persist in charging District of Columbia residents a full license fee on motor vehicles rather than enter into reciprocal relations under which Maryland automobilists could enter the National Capital free and National Capital automobilists could use the Maryland roads free.

Maryland's administrators and officials place the State in the attitude of putting a few dollars above principles. This is entirely at variance with the world-old traditions concerning the hospitality of Maryland, but the facts seem to bear out the statement that Maryland hospitality is dead.

The Maryland Automobile Club recently took a poll of its members at a meeting called to discuss the Adamson bill to permit reciprocal automobile relations between all States of the Union. The Maryland Automobile Club had for a long time declared generally for reciprocity between the States.

However, the Maryland Roads Commission, scenting possible success for the Adamson bill at this session of Congress, began to spread its well-known propaganda to the effect that Maryland roads would suffer if the State of Maryland should be deprived of the \$70,000 annually paid into the treasury of the State by District of Columbia motorists.

This propaganda resulted in the question being put to the Maryland Automobile Club in two sections. One was the question whether the members favored the general principle of reciprocity between the States.

Over 95 per cent of the active members voted in favor of this.

The other was the question whether they favored reciprocity between Maryland and the District of Columbia, under the Adamson bill, if it should be shown that Maryland would have to increase its motor tax not more than 5 cents per horsepower.

A majority voted against it. In other words, Maryland would be neighborly if it cost nothing, but \$1.50 a year is too much to pay for being hospitable.

Maryland likes to be hospitable as long as it costs nothing.

That is a short-sighted policy. Maryland gets one dollar in trade from Washington for every cent's worth of wear and tear on the roads.

Maryland knows that the section around the National Capital would be a howling wilderness and a dead loss if it were not for the fact that Washington is HERE.

Maryland, however, will soon have to pay an increased annual tax on its own motor cars which come into this city. The District tax should be placed so high that no Marylander could cross the line here without feeling the niggardly and inhospitable attitude of his own State.

HEARD AND SEEN

A Pennsylvania sleeping-car train, eluding the Gas House, Bloodfield, Capitol Hill, and Lincoln Park gangs.

"Trot! Trot! Trot!" Now let's hear from the Babbington boys.

WASHINGTON TOPHAM, a model of militancy for local self-government (not merely a half-hearted plan of Congressional representation), has sent out to his friends a neatly-designed folder with the names and dates of the twenty mayors of Washington. This folder bears this statement, printed as I have reproduced it in the next paragraph:

Our rulers for sixty-eight years, with the exception of Mr. Brent, elected by the citizens of Washington.

Are we not proud of their lives and labors?

Citizen: "A member of a State or nation who enjoys political rights and privileges."

Should we not have our citizenship restored?

JOHN DOYLE CARMODY becomes a major in the signal corps. Don't get your clothes dirty now, John.

Let your Christmas gifts to your employees do double duty. The Retail Merchants' Association adopts the plan of E. C. GRAHAM to substitute War Savings certificates for money Christmas gifts this year.

Helen Streeter, Aged 13, Wrote a Poem
(Continued from First Column.)

more interesting to read than the other papers, and that it is THE paper for Washington.

Yours sincerely,
HELEN M. STREETER.

S-a Thompson School.
P. S.—I'm thirteen.

TO THE LIBERTY LOAN.

The hour is at hand and our "Liberty Band"

Is marching against the foe.

We will win this war and our Father's hand

Will help us ever, we know.

We are not the ones to encourage defeat,

Our army and navy are firm in their power,

Autocracy's downfall is surely complete,

We are building stronger democracy's tower.

HELEN STREETER.

This young lady's opinion that THE TIMES is THE paper for Washington is very pleasing. If YOUTH approves you, you at least know that you have made yourself easily understood, and if YOUTH likes you, old age will at least tolerate you.